

DAILY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

MEACHAM & WILGUS, Publishers.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1883.

NUMBER 8.

THE OLD RELIABLE!

M. FRANKEL AND SONS

Are always in the lead with **LOWEST PRICES AND BEST GOODS.** Don't fail to call on us if you want first-class goods at rock-bottom prices. Our stock is the largest ever brought to Hopkinsville, and comprises everything in the way of

Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks and Valises!

People wonder how we can sell goods so much cheaper than our competitors. It is simply this: Our Mr. Frankel is always in the market with the ready cash in his pocket, and takes advantage of bargains which is always given him by the wholesale merchants who run short of funds. Our clothing this season can not be surpassed. It is equal to any merchant tailoring goods in the country, having been made by the best merchant tailors in New York. We took advantage of the dull summer when tailors were idle, and had them make our goods at a very small expense, which enables us to give you Custom-Made Clothing at about one-half the original merchant tailoring price.

DRY GOODS.—Our entire stock of Dry goods was purchased early, before the great rush. It was selected with great care, and lacks nothing. The low prices at which we are selling them will astonish the very closest buyers.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—This entire line was purchased direct from the factory at jobbers' prices, we are therefore able to sell them at same prices that other merchants pay.

HATS AND CAPS.—This department can not be equalled in this or any other section. We have everything that is made in the Hat or Cap line—all the latest styles for men, youths, boys and children.

The largest stock of Trunks and Valises can always be found at our mammoth establishment. We ask you to call and judge for yourself how cheap they are being sold.

In addition to our large and extensive retail department, we have opened an extensive **WHOLESALE ROOM**, where we always keep a large surplus stock for supplying country merchants. We will duplicate any Louisville, Cincinnati or Nashville prices. Country merchants would do well to call on us. Don't be led astray, but call and see what we advertise are plain facts. "The Old Reliable."

M. FRANKEL & SONS.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

Pennsylvania has 18,616 public schools, New York 18,615, (one less), Ohio 16,473, and Illinois 15,203.

During the recess in the public schools of New York City and Brooklyn the Boards of Education have expended nearly one million dollars in repairs and improvements.—*N. Y. Times.*

Mr. Vanderbilt's oldest son, Cornelius, is a very pious young man, sustains the branch of the Young Men's Christian Association at the Grand Central Depot, and personally conducts its religious services twice a week. He is also Superintendent of the Sunday-school.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

It is said, on good authority, that the Society of Friends is not decreasing in membership in America, but steadily growing. In North Carolina it has more than doubled in the last twenty years, and the increase has been very marked in the west. A larger majority of the members are young persons.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Mr. West, whose donation of \$300,000 has given Cincinnati a perpetual art loan and school of art, says that, having no one dependent upon him, he thought he owed it to the people who had helped him prosper, and whose labor had improved his real estate, to make an honest dividend to them. He is glad he did it.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Massachusetts Supreme Court has decided that Bates College, of Lewiston, Me., is not entitled to the \$100,000 bequeathed to it conditionally by the late Benjamin Bates, of Boston. The will contained the condition that another \$100,000 should be raised within two years, which the heirs proved, to the satisfaction of the court, had not been done.—*Boston Transcript.*

The post of janitor was vacant in a Kansas City school-house, and many citizens applied for the place, but the trustees were most impressed by the application of a colored man, named James Dyer, and he was appointed. This is what he wrote:

I want to be a janitor,
And with the janitors stand—
A cool job in my hand,
A broomstick in my hand.

To do my work up decently,
I'll strive and never tire;
You'll perfect satisfaction get
If you'll employ James Dyer.

Anecdotes of Abraham Lincoln.

Mrs. Alice D. Shipman's Reminiscences of Illinois Pioneers, published in the *Phreological Journal*, state of Colonel W. H. Davidson, that though he supported Douglas in the contest of 1860, nevertheless "Lincoln, after his inauguration, wrote to Colonel Davidson offering him any office that he might think fit to name, proposing himself, the Secretaryship of the Treasury." The origin of Lincoln's intimacy with Joshua F. Speed is thus related: "Mr. Speed began his business life as a merchant in Springfield, Ill., where he was settled when Mr. Lincoln came there to open a law office. One day as he was sitting in his store in an interval of leisure, Mr. Lincoln, whose ingrained awkwardness was then aggravated by youth, came up to the counter, and accosted him with visible embarrassment. 'I want to know, Speed,' he said, 'the cost of a bedstead and bed, adding a rough description which indicated the cheapest kind of both. "What you want," answered Mr. Speed, "will cost you about \$17." At this Lincoln's jaw dropped and a painful expression of sadness and perplexity spread over his countenance. Mr. Speed, noticing the look, and rightly interpreting it to signify that the price exceeded Lincoln's means, quickly added: 'Mr. Lincoln, I have a proposition to make you. My partner has just married, and his bed in my room up-stairs is vacant. If you are willing to occupy it, and share my room with me, you are more than welcome.' The painful expression instantly vanished from Lincoln's face as, with a few simple words of thanks, he accepted the offer, and disappeared. In a short time he reappeared, with a pair of old-fashioned saddle-bags on his arm, and, directed by his new friend, shuffled up-stairs to the designated room. A minute had scarcely passed before he shambled down again, and as he reached the shop room cried out, his face beaming with joyful content: 'Well, Speed, I've moved.' Henceforward unto death Lincoln and Speed were bosom friends."

Saltin' Mines.

There are sharpers in the mountain mining camps. There are many tricks these men play. The most successful one is "saltin'" the ground for tenderfoot prospectors. One of these lazy, idle creatures will walk from dump to dump, from shafthouse to shafthouse, from tunnel to tunnel, picking up rich ore. When he has enough, he scatters the rock on distant hillsides. He "salts," not the mine but the ground. He does not claim to have found a lead, but he does claim to have found a lead, he persuades strangers to advance a few hundred dollars to pay for prospecting the lead. He will give half the lead for \$200 or \$300, the money to be expended in searching for the vein. He will work himself for nothing, but he must have another man to help him. The stranger is taken to the distant hillside and shown the ore. A small piece of it is pulverized in a mortar and pan. There are plenty of colors in it. The tenderfoot is eager to invest. He pays the \$200 or \$300, and returns to his Eastern home. There is a pretense of doing work, but two-thirds of the money paid remains in the pocket of the sharper. The swindler plays this game four or five times during the year. He has made enough to live comfortably. The next year there is assessment work to be done, and the partners of this dishonest man, who are in the East, pay their share. The swindler spends the money for food and clothing.

A man can buy land, houses, ships and even horses from his friends in safety. But a mine no man can sell, and in selling tell the truth about it. The fact that in the Rocky Mountains, where all men mine more or less, valuable mines are not allowed to pass into the hands of outsiders is overlooked by Eastern investors. A really valuable mine can be sold in an hour in any Western town such as Denver, Salt Lake, Leadville, San Francisco or Pueblo. In all of these towns are wealthy men who understand the business of mining, and who are on the watch for good mineral property. They pay cash, and pay roundly, too, for mines that suit them. If these men do not buy the Double Eagle or Gold Hill, it is because they know it to be worthless. They are willing to assist the mining experts to shear Eastern or English lambs, but they decline to be shorn.

The Eastern visitors to the Denver Exposition must understand, if they do not want to lose money, that the Western men are fully as able as they are, and that they have forgotten more about mining than the Eastern men will ever learn. A look at the statements of the banks doing business in Denver will surprise Eastern investors. The line of deposits is very large and gives the lie to the statement that there is a want of capital with which to develop the resources of the mineral belt.—*Rocky Mountain Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

The Virtues of Watermelon.

"The gay and festive watermelon," said a State street physician, "is a powerful diuretic, an aperient, and the pulp has a delicious refrigerating taste. But I think people should partake of it in moderation, and it should be eaten with condiments sprinkled upon it. It should also be cool when eaten, but not too cool, so as to produce congestion. When partaken of in immoderate quantities it is likely to result in colic, pains, cramps; and if fermentation should set in congestion and dysentery will follow. Let a man drink much beer after gormandizing on watermelon, and a process of fermentation will begin which will fill him with gas and extend his stomach like a drum. Then cholera morbus is almost certain to follow. Moreover, a melon should be perfectly ripe and sweet when eaten, and if sprinkled with pepper or nutmeg the stomach will be stimulated and digestion promoted. When pulled green an acid soon forms in the pulp which is harmful. A good watermelon may be preserved for ten days or two weeks in an ordinary ice-box. A good circulation of air should be around it.—*Boston Journal.*

Americans are the greatest butter-eating people in the world. This is one reason why the export of butter does not increase so rapidly as its manufacture, and why the price is maintained so high as it is.—*Chicago Tribune.*

FACTS AND FIGURES.

The great forests of the South will be worth a mint of money before this generation dies. Old North Carolina has 40,000 square miles of forest.—*N. Y. Sun.*

It is estimated by a statistician that the total movement of freight last year on all the railroads of the United States equaled 39,302,209,249 tons moved one mile, the value of the tonnage being no less than \$22,000,000,000.

The Government light-house on the Long Island shore where it juts out into the waters at Hall Gate, at Astoria, is being rapidly pushed forward. It is to be an electric light of 20,000 candle-power and 150 feet high, in order that its rays may not dazzle the eyes of pilots passing under it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The iron and steel ship-building industry on the Delaware River is said by the *Philadelphia Press* to have expanded since the beginning of the present year with wonderful rapidity. The tonnage of iron and steel vessels constructed during the first half of 1883 largely exceeded that of the entire year 1882, the figures being 55,079 and 40,097, respectively.

The horse population of the United States is now over 11,000,000, or about one horse to every five humans. According to the 1880 census the leading horse States, with number of horses respectively, were: Illinois, 1,023,082; Ohio, 786,478; New York, 610,338; Pennsylvania, 533,587; Michigan, 378,788; Kentucky, 372,648. Two-thirds are draught and all work horses, and one-third are used for pleasure-driving.—*Chicago Times.*

A person passing along the crowded streets of a large city often wonders where all the multitudes of people are stowed away out of sight at night. According to the census of 1880, the average number of persons to a dwelling in the large cities was as follows: New York, 16.35; Brooklyn, 9.11; Cincinnati, 9.11; Boston, 8.26; Chicago, 8.24; St. Louis, 8.15; San Francisco, 6.86; Baltimore, 6.54; New Orleans, 5.95; Philadelphia, 5.79. Big tenement houses run up the average.—*Chicago Journal.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

Might not the safe arrival of a ship in port be looked upon as a wreck-less affair?

When we know how to appreciate a merit we have the germ of it within ourselves.—*Goethe.*

It is a species of agreeable servitude to be under an obligation to those we esteem.—*Queen Christine.*

Many a man with an ambition to do great things does nothing at all simply because he feels alone. Joining the very little things which he is capable of doing.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mike—"It's the Irish that does all the inviting in these days, sure." Jonathan—"Irish be damned! The Irish don't invent anything to speak of. Americans invent everything." Mike—"This perhaps you can tell me why the Irishman's name, Pat, is always next to the date on all the new inventions. Divil an American name can you find on one, at all, at all!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

A family named its sons One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney; and the daughters were named First Stickney, Second Stickney, Third Stickney. The three elder children of another family were named Joseph, And, Another; and it was proposed to call the rest, if any appeared. Also, Moreover. Nevertheless and Notwithstanding. Another household actually named their child Finis, supposing it was the last; but three more were born, who were called Addenda, Appendix and Supplement.—*Detroit Post.*

An exchange says: "A man was driving an old ox when he became angry and kicked him, hitting his jaw-bone with such force as to break his leg." And he has been fairly wild ever since we read the paper to know who or which got angry at whom or what, and if the ox kicked the man's jaw with such force as to break the leg, or how it is? Or did the man kick the ox in the jaw-bone with such force as to break the ox's leg, and if so, which leg? It's one of those things which no man can find out, save only the man who kicked or was being kicked, as the case may be.—*Norristown Herald.*

Underdraining.

Some portion of almost every farm would be improved by underdraining, but to decide what particular fields will pay to underdrain requires more than ordinary intelligence, and no doubt mistakes are made by draining land that is not improved by it, and in not draining land that would be greatly improved by it.

The idea has been very general that nearly all soils are improved by underdraining, but this is a mistake. Some soils are not only not improved, but are actually injured. We remember of seeing drains laid on the side of a hill, the owner being a strong believer in underdraining, claimed that because the soil was of a mixture of clay it would be greatly improved by underdraining, but a few years proved his mistake, the grass being so much less over and near the drains as to show very plainly where they were laid, after a few years the drains were taken up, and the land went back to its former good condition. This, no doubt, was a rare instance, but it proved that there are localities where even clay soils are not improved by underdraining.

To underdrain land well is quite expensive; therefore, to make it a paying operation it must be a great improvement, and the crops grown must be large as well as valuable. It is doubtful if there are many fields that it will pay to underdrain for the purpose of growing Indian corn or small grains, but for orchards, small fruits or garden vegetables, there are large tracts that it will no doubt pay to underdrain. For grass, when only profits are sought for, most of land can be drained with open ditches to the best advantage; it is true these are unsightly and do not drain the land as well, or leave it in so good condition as underdrains; but the difference in the value of the crop is not so great on most lands as the difference in the cost of draining. Many farmers are so situated that they can open ditches in leisure hours without feeling it; but when they have to pay out money for tiles it is a drag on many that becomes a permanent one if the operation does not pay.

Thrifty farmers of large means should not hesitate to underdrain more or less every year, until they have underdrained all of their land that they are satisfied will be improved by it. Their surplus money had better be thus invested than in buying fancy stocks for speculative purposes; but the farmer whose property is encumbered by a heavy debt should introduce only such improvements as he feels well satisfied will bring a better interest on the outlay than he is paying for borrowed money.

There is no better season for draining land than during the three months commencing with September; the farmer is not so busy as in the spring, and the weather is not so hot as in the summer; in the winter the ground usually being frozen, the work can not be done.

On land that is free from stone much of the digging can be done with horses or oxen even with a common plow, but with a plow made for the purpose of digging tile ditches, a large part of the work may be done in this way; but on land that has occasionally a small rock in it, the work must be done principally by hand labor, which very much increases the expense, yet a strong energetic man will dig from eight to sixteen rods per day, according to the depth of the ditch and character of the soil, providing it be plowed out by turning a furrow each side, which can easily be done, even where there are some rocks. A considerable portion of the work of filling the trench can be done with a plow, but hand labor should be used until the tile is fairly covered, that none of it may become displaced.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

The Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph notes the fact that, as the Western States are steadily coming into formidable competition with each other in the production of tobacco, fruit, cheese, butter, vegetables, etc., the East is coming back to wheat-growing, and urges the seaboard farmers to jump in, raise all the wheat they can, export the surplus to Europe, and thus arrest what is called "the drain of the agricultural districts to supply emigrants to the West. In fact," it says, "the Eastern farmers have suffered in many ways from a policy wholly adverse to their interests, which has built up the West at their expense."

The Disappearance of Game.

Mr. Felix L. Oswald writes to the *Cincinnati Enquirer*: "The swift growth of our cities is not nearly as unparalleled as the rapid disappearance of our game animals. One hundred years ago Eastern North America was the finest game-country in the world. This valley is a hunter's paradise," says Colonel Boone in his account of the expedition to the mouth of the Kentucky River. "Our dogs started three troops of deer in less than half an hour; on the river we saw tracks of elk, bears and buffalo, and the thickets along the slope were full of turkey and mountain-pheasants. From the cliffs above the junction our guide showed us the wigwags of the Miami. About eight miles to the north-west we could see the smoke of their camp-fires rising from the foot of a rocky bluff, but the hill-country in the east and the great plains in the west, north and northeast resembled a boundless ocean of undulating woodlands."

"Northwest of the Blue Ridge" but-faces grazed in countless herds. During the heat of the midsummer months they used to retreat to the highlands, and followed the ridges in the southward migration, as the approach of winter gradually crowned the heights with snow. Along the backbones of all the main chains of the sunken Alleghenies these trails can still be distinctly traced for hundreds of miles. Buffalo Springs, Buffalo Gap, and scores of similar names still attest the presence of the American bison in localities that are now fully 2,000 miles from the next buffalo range. The center of our buffalo population is moving north-west at an alarming rate. Herds, in the old-time sense of the word, can now be found only in British North America, and here and there along the frontier of our Northwestern Territories. In cold winter small troops of fifteen or twenty are occasionally seen in the Texas Panhandle, in Western Utah, and in the valley of the Upper Arkansas, but nowhere on this side of the Mississippi. Their days are numbered. They can not hide, and their defensive weapons are useless against mounted riflemen. Pot-hunters follow them to their far northern retreats; the International Railroad will soon carry a swarm of sportsmen to their Mexican reservations, and in fifty years from now their happy pasture grounds will probably be reduced to the inclosed grass plots of a few zoological gardens.

Panthers are still found in twenty-six or twenty-seven States, but chiefly at the two opposite ends of our territory—in Florida and Oregon. In the Southern Alleghenies they are still frequent enough to make the Government bounty a source of income to the hunters of several highland counties. Wolves still defy civilization in some of the larger prairie States, and in the wild border country between North Carolina and East Tennessee. But, unlike panthers, they do not confine themselves to a special locality. Hunger makes them perpetrate, and in cold winters their occasional visits can be looked for in almost any mountain valley between Southern Kentucky and Alabama.

Too Late.

A New York broker who reached a village in Ohio the other evening was interviewed, soon after placing his name on the register, by a farmer, who said: "I just wish you had arrived here this afternoon!"

"Any excitement?" replied the broker.

"Well I should say so. My son, Daniel, was convicted of stealing seven sheep, and has been held to the higher court. You ought to have been here!"

"Why?"

"Why? I'd have had you on the jury, and you could have cleared Daniel slick as grease. Our folks here don't look at things as you New Yorkers do."—*Wall Street News.*

Tears follow close on smiles and sorrow on joy in this life, but it is often a marriage feast furnishes forth the "funeral baked meats." In the same issues of the New York papers, one day recently there were contained notices of a wedding and the death of the bride. Monday Miss Sara Brewster was married to Dr. S. Willard—two days later the bride was dead. It was one of those solemn ceremonies, a death-bed marriage, the young lady being a victim of consumption.

PITH AND POINT.

Some people are never satisfied. Show them how to live happily on a small income and they will want you to furnish the income.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Two white tramps have been sent to the chain gang for throwing stones at the young ladies of a Georgia seminary. The privileges of the American citizen seem to be getting very limited indeed.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Dr. Chalmers used to say that when one is in the act of tipping his hat to a lady whom he supposes to be an acquaintance it requires a good deal of tact to make believe that he is only scratching his forehead when he finds she is a stranger.

"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dearest Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back."—*Boston Post.*

One fellow might hang around a surf swimming place for weeks and never have a chance to rescue a rich man's daughter from a watery grave. Another would grapple a millionaires the very first day and be invited to her house to dinner. It is all luck.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A lady subscriber wants to know how to catch a husband. We have had no experience in this kind of sport personally, but we have known a husband to be caught by his wife as he was leaving a bar-room. When she got him home, we believe she caught him by the hair of his head—and the husband, well, he caught particular Jesse.—*Detroit Post.*

In a new light. "I have been with you now three months," said the junior clerk, and I think I ought to have a salary something nearly commensurate to my services. "H'm!" replied the employer; "well, times haven't been very good; you haven't had very much to do, you know. Couldn't think of giving you more than fifty dollars a month." Clerk—"Beg pardon, sir, I am not to blame because you haven't done business enough to keep me busy. I expect to get paid for what I know, not for what I do." Employer—"Oh! That puts the matter in a new light. I shall give you five dollars a month hereafter."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

"I tell you, pard," said old Jimmy Cannon, a guide, "the West has lost its romance. Only a little while ago, it seems to me, where once there was nothing but the whoop of the Indian and the song of the six-shooter, now there are railroads and churches and commercial men and high schools and three-card monte men and lecturers and daily newspapers, and every little while a natural death. Why within two months, if the blasted papers tell the truth, several men have died in Wyoming of disease. I tell you, it looks as though old timers would have to move away. When we have to wait for lingering disease to snuff us out it's time to light out for the frontier."—*Laramie Boomerang.*

Photographing Letters.

"The oddest customer," said the photographer, "I ever had, was a Tennesseean who came in and had himself taken with a sign across his chest, on which was printed, in large letters:

"J. C. K."

The father of thirty-four children."

"He was in sober earnest, and wanted fifty copies. He was dumb-founded when, by way of a joke, I showed him the negative, on which the sign read:

"J. C. K."

nerdlike ruof-tyrlht fo rehtat eht."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Captain Clishy of the whaling schooner Era, which recently arrived at St. Johns, is of the opinion that last winter was very severe in the arctic regions. His belief is founded on the fact that he has just escaped from an imprisonment of seventeen months in an ice pack. He thinks the Greeley relief expedition will meet with many obstacles in reaching a point from which assistance can reach the party now so long imprisoned at Lady Franklin Bay.

It has been decided by the Austrian Railway Administration to employ women as road guards on the same terms as men.